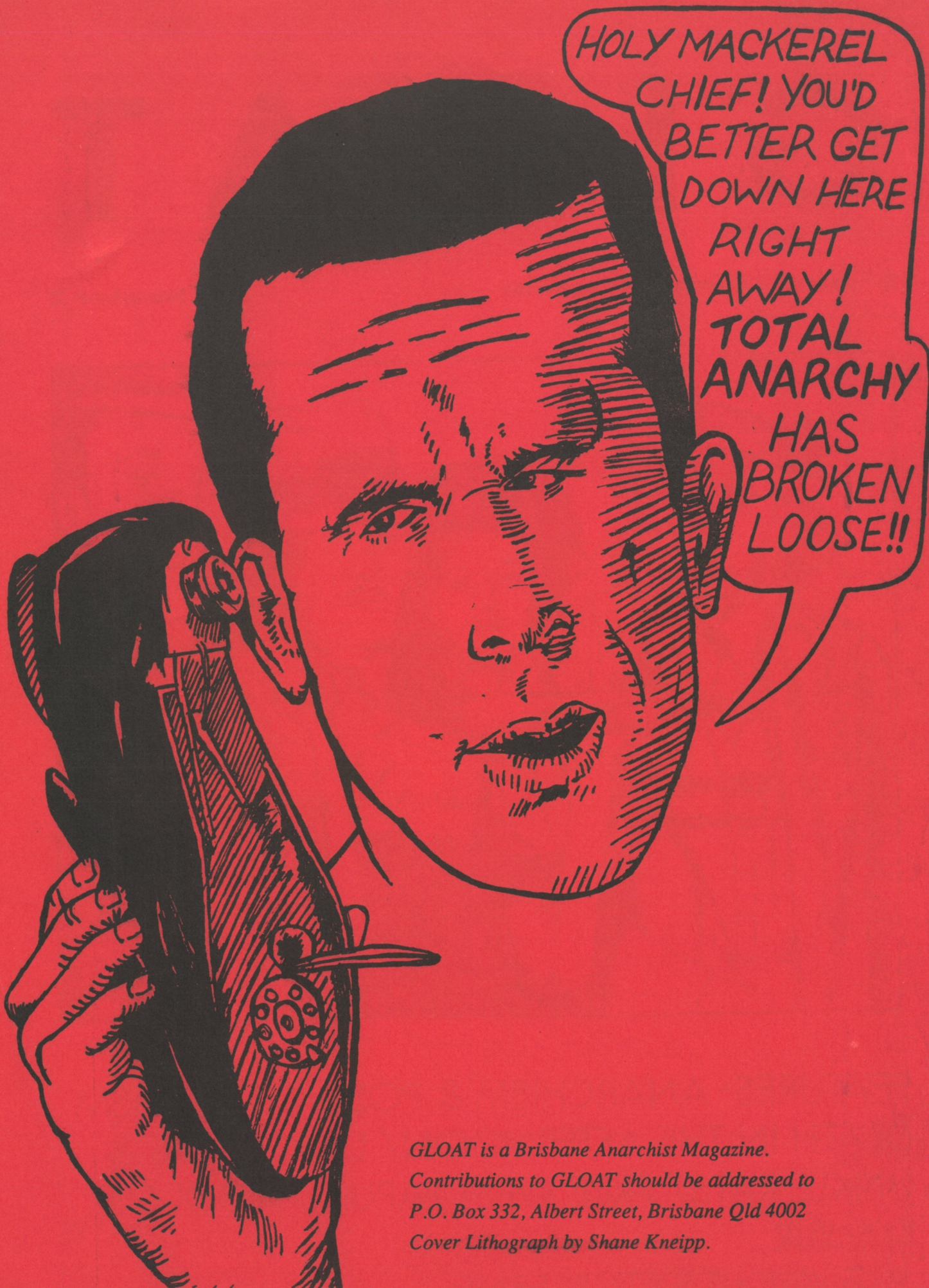
GLOAT

Brisbane Anarchist Magazine **Number 2**

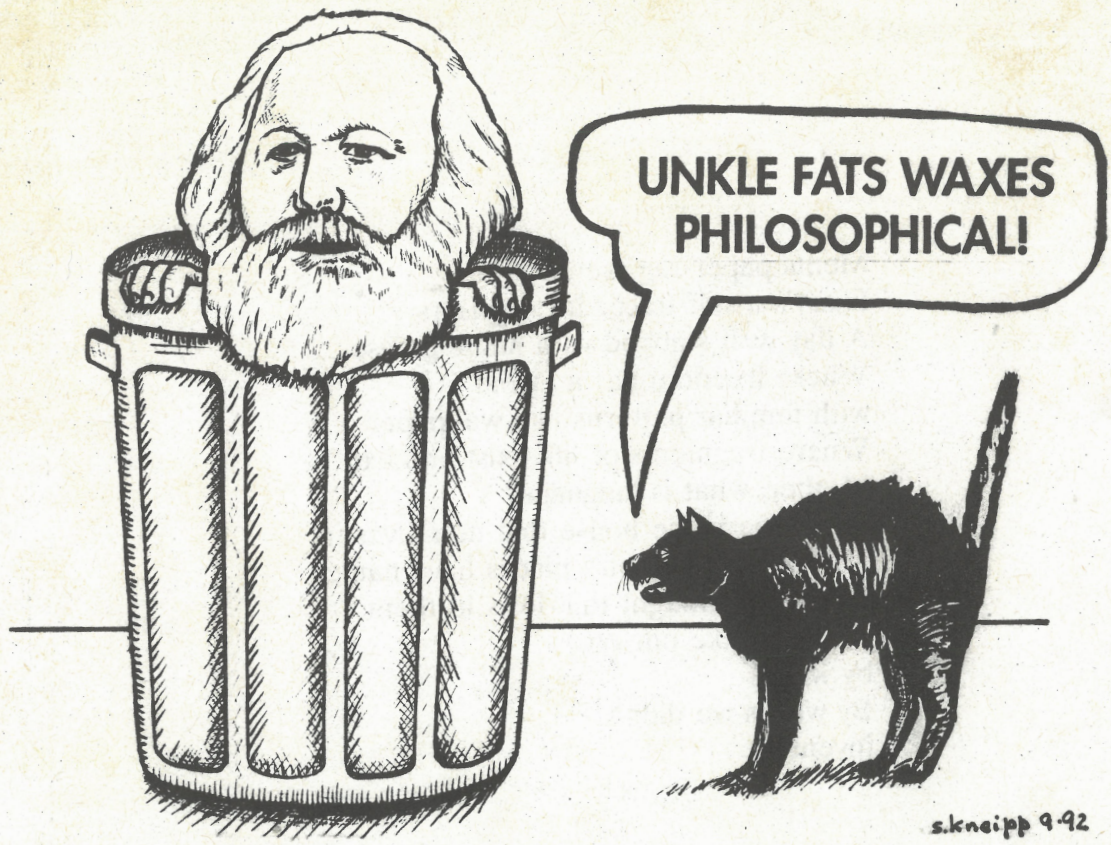


FEATURES: ANARCHISM & POST-MODERNISM
DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON/ UNKLE FATS &
UNKLE RATS/ FREE WEST PAPUA/ AIDEX OF
THE AIR

PLUS VARIOUS POETIC RIFF-RAFF.



GLOAT is a Brisbane Anarchist Magazine.
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Cover Lithograph by Shane Kneipp.



Word has drifted back off the streets to yer ole Unkle Fats that some of the readers of his first column for Gloat think that he's talking shit.

Of course, the fact that these people happen to hold near and dear precisely those ideas that ole Unkle Fats was slagging off is purely coincidental.

I know that some people think yer ole Unkle hasn't got two neurones left to rub together. Not true - I even keep a spare one lying around for rainy days just in case.

I'm not interested in sectarian bun fights. I am interested in ideas. That's why this issue's column is going away from my usual anecdotal ramblings into yer straight-forward direct polemic abuse.

Unkle Fats says - "Read my lips. I am not an intellectual. Most intellectuals couldn't think their way out of a wet paper bag."

Marxism is history

Marxism is now an ideology in the fullest and ugliest sense of the word. It has become a means of allowing people to say one thing and to do another, to appear other than what they are. It allows them to believe that black is white and black is black simultaneously.

The ultimate extension of this is the genocide of the Stalinist purges.

In a sense Marxism first became an ideology when it became Establishment dogma in countries paradoxically called socialist. But the worker's paradise is the worker's nightmare - the compulsory teaching of "State and Revolution" in schools by the most rigid and oppressive state structures known to humanity.

But Marxism is also the map of the universe for the sects which spring up like mushrooms on the decomposing body of the "official" Marxist movement.

The significance of a theory cannot be grasped independently of the historical and social practice which it inspires and initiates, to which it gives rise, in which it prolongs itself, and under cover of which a particular practice seeks to justify itself.

Marx was the first to stress this fact. Now his own theory must be judged on this basis. History has had the last word. But for the true believers it falls on deaf ears. Those who turn back to the texts are like Christian fundamentalists who turn to the Bible for the answer to everything.

What has happened in the last 2000 years means nothing to such Bible-bashers in understanding or explaining what their religion is all about.

Those who still want to be Marxists will say - "To be Marxist is to remain faithful to Marx's method, which remains valid."

Has nothing happened in the last 100 years to compel us or allow us to question Marx's system and the ideas and categories he used to analyse society?

Such a static position is hardly revolutionary. In time it is of necessity reactionary. It has been left behind, in the dust-bin of history.

Each era looks at history through its own ideas about history, but these ideas are a product of history, and are part and parcel of the fabric of history.

The ideas will be history. The following generations will have no difficulty in seeing this about former ideologies of former times.

The hardest thing for successive generations in dealing with these ideas will be to try to understand how anyone, let alone a whole culture, could ever have believed in these ideas at all, and based their daily lives on them. How did people ever believe that the earth was flat?

I might just point out here as an aside that anyone who believes in self-evident facts is a member of the Flat Earth Society.

Anarchism is also a 19th century philosophy. Just how reactionary are some of the anarchists' favourite shibboleths?

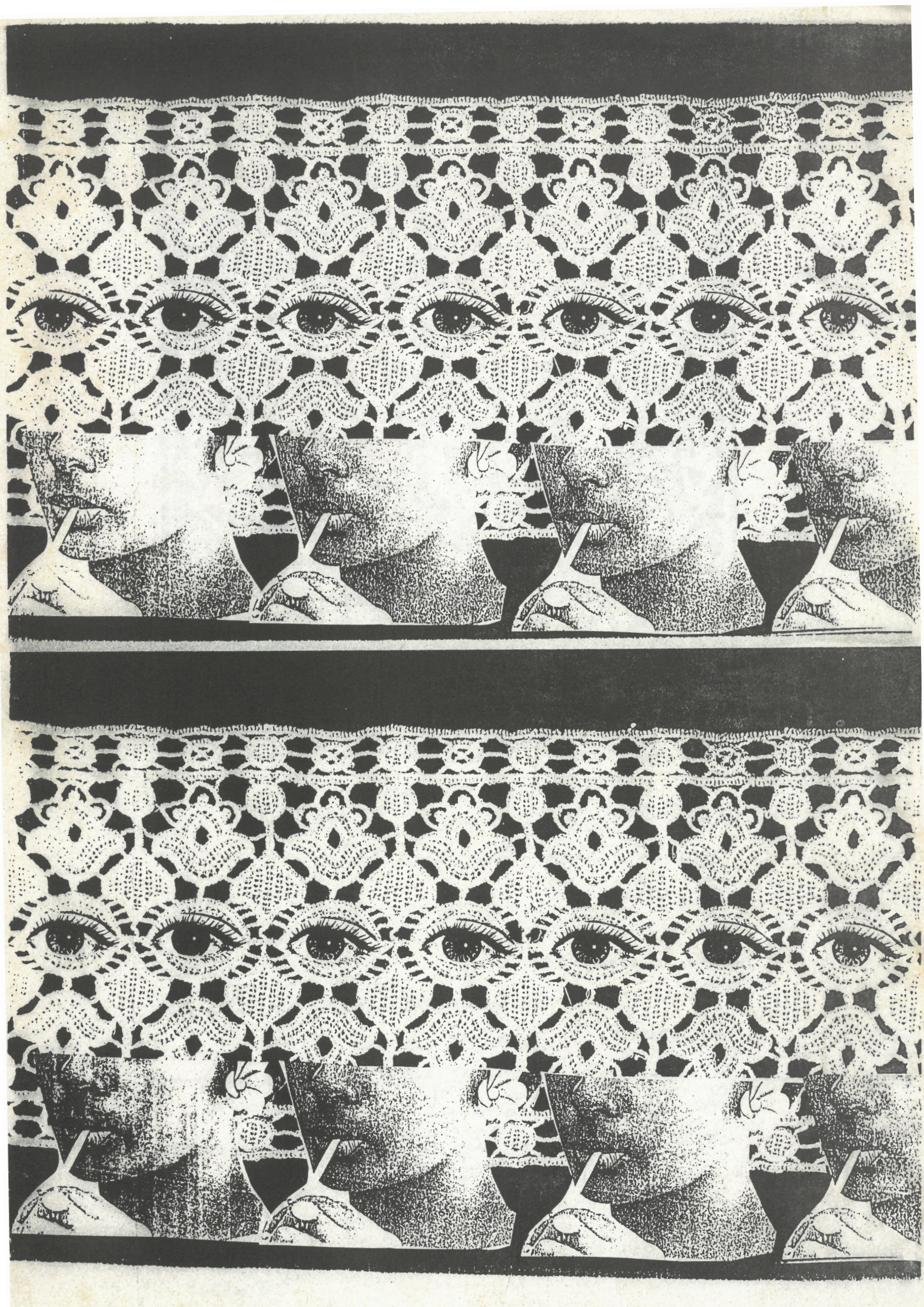
Have anarchists managed to get even a toe-hold on historical reality? If not, why not? Just how removed from reality is the vision splendid?

Ments paper rag mented frag
Diary's a self tracer for cogusers
A day well stabbed with name grease
Where freedom has a throat
with familiar patterns like wallpaper
Where fragments of life exist and exit
Mother, what is language?
Language is the house that man lives in
In the mesmercentre places have names
through a thought that lives in them,
changing like our own
by words
By words we didn't
invent

I want to take you
kisswise headlong into a
nimble fingered finding of all
the full stops ever planted
by consumers of subliminal hints
Fastening, unfastening, fastening,
climbing into each other like
the zipper and its relationships catch
Minding my catch if catch is all I can
If mind is all I mean, until
the little hairs on the back of my neck,

go stiff

We fed each other
into our own histories anorexic
We faced each other daily
2 axes about to fall on the fat
Whichever way it went
It was still self-mutilation





My culture has an expiry date
Alone of its dreams are paying the bills
Time to slam the door and
get out fast
and give murder back to those
who committed it
It's an overseas package that should be
returned to sender
This is Sisyphus. The futile boulder syndrome
The blood in its mind goes stale
while the salt of life, without even becoming
heard, concentrates to burn us
where we've chosen to make our stands.
To look at this world is to go
blind in it.

DUŠAN

KAFE NOWHERE

A BOHEMIAN FAERI-TAIL

AS EXPERIENCED BY ANNE FETTIMEANE

i am jet-lagged, just off a plane from london. ghost-walking in this ghetto-village i once called home; dead, with zomboid, empty-eyed inhabitants, afraid to meet gazes or link arms. i'm full of queries and memories. nothing's clear. it's been centuries since my last visitation, but the suns' been hidden much longer here.

everythings changed and it's with vague direction i find myself approaching familiar territory. the looming buildings' shell-facade swoons me from now into way, way before. I'm once again bulging with the throbbing life-force i felt the first night i found myself emerging from somewhere into kafe nowhere

i'm overwhelmed by its still persistant energy. surprisingly, the decayed, cavernous structure had retained its basic form. i was consumed with the past, and retaining my grip became increasingly difficult. soon my jet-lagged mind had lost its grasp and transported itself away, way back.

once again, i discovered myself, seated inside 'kafe nowhere', slurping blue betties, with KUNDALINI sweeping casually around me.

everything was disconnected, but travelling abstractly, suited the kafes' pace

the archaic kappucino machine had just broken down and the kafe was with koffee beanz. KRASS had just fantasised demon intervention with violent objection from BUDDA whom by analysing KRASS'S aura declared it full of deciet and without major current charge, exposed an obviously contrived hallucination.

GUTTA-CHILD was saying he'd given up selling sex as he'd had too many backfires and forced fucks (last i heard, GUTTA had re-located to melbourne, squatting with bikers and dealing through infiltrating youth-clubz.)

the psycho-localz had positioned themselves at their regular table. caffeine injected JOGGER-MAN had arrived, punctually at four past midnight, ordered his dahl and rice and left, with food untouched as usual. KLUTZ ran from the kafe screaming'sin-sux' and dented a parked car with his foot, administered in a most violent, forceful kick. PHOSPHOROUS staggered in with her obligatory half bottle of tequila, and proceeded to rotate herself from table to table, depositing five-minute long kisses.

the 'YOUNG-GODZ' from 'the SwamP' (an anti-social, anarchist dance-klub which changed venues as often as the kafe served koffee), lounged intellectually beneath the red light-bulbed psychic chandelier, sculpted from relics found during midnight shopping sprees in the inner-city cemetaries.

the kafe was littered with found objects - decaying orthodox crosses, chipped angels, burned and mutilated hanging plastic dolls; twisted, wrought-iron candlestix and vibrant, psychotic paintings. the largest skullpture was a graffitted window - so obscured with paint and overlayed messages, the only coherent surviving sentence was, "the over-ruled must over-react".

the kafe 'party' was fully evolved - people in mounds upon mattresses, and in the dark pillow womb-room, lit with kandles, only barely hinting at its multitudinous occupants.

the kopz had parked themselves, predictably, out-front, thoroughly body-searching all those who left the kafe space. (the raidz became ritualized event. easily foretold, whenever the shortage of product was obvious, the kopz could sustain their sales with a skavenging haul, descending on the kafe rapaciously.)

meanwhile, everyone inside bubbled obliviously, peaking on the air-energy and incredible intensity the kafe generated. kafe people functioned on adrenalin, sexual tension and valium. it felt like a perpetual party, where everyone knew everyone and outsiders were barely tolerated until they too were absorbed. it was an unstable, spontaneous kafe-planet, with non-specific openings and closings, which served unpredictable food.

the music was ever-present and enveloping, it controlled and contained the mood.

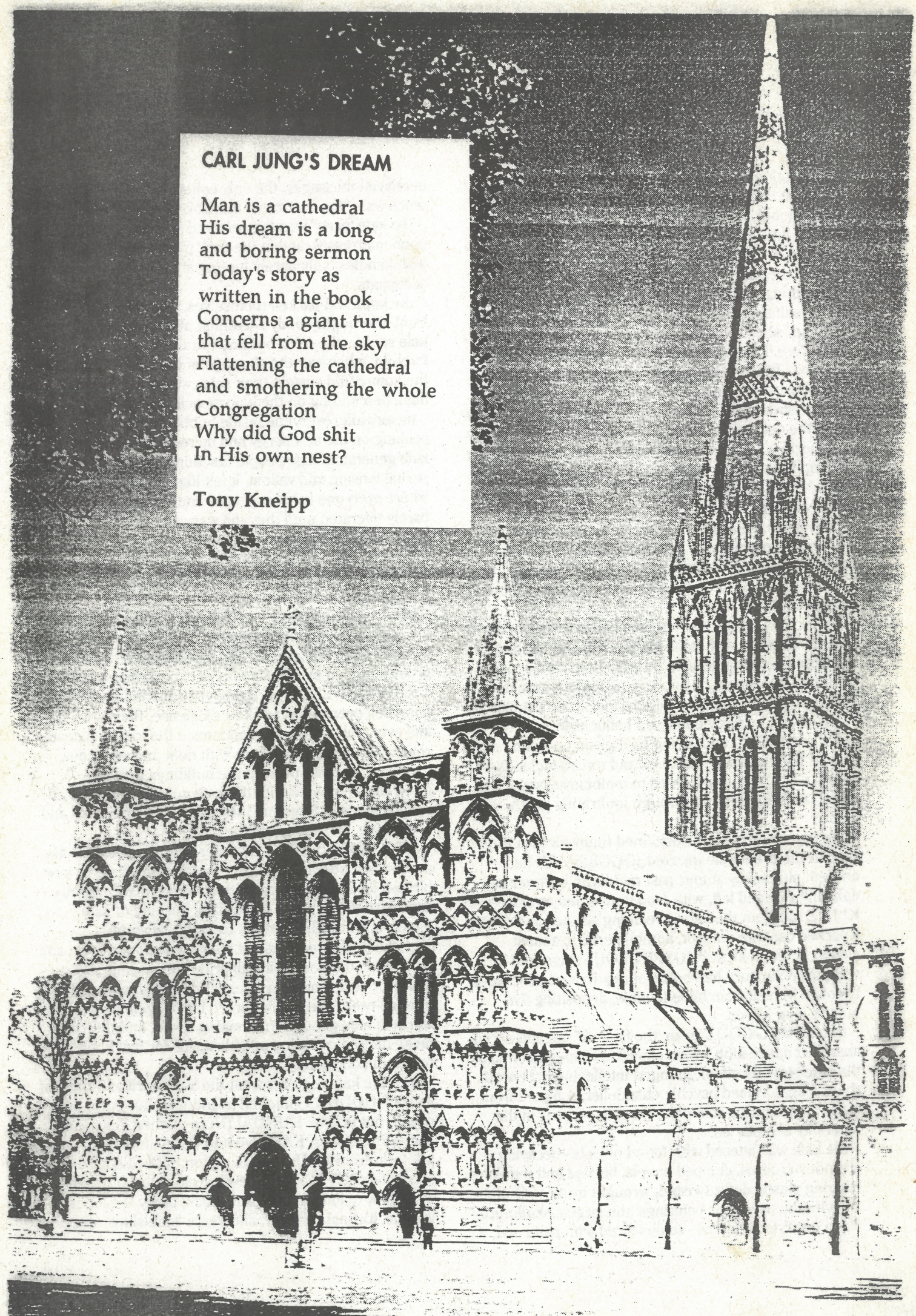
minor, invisible circles of kaffe-people became apparent only once you too were embedded within kafe kulcha, easily recognising and transfering amongst their groups, guided by silent codes of expectations.

the SKOOL ESCAPE KLAN, youthful and transparent, absorbed every aspect of kafe existence. their presence and eventual dominance imprisoned the kafe in a death-row cell. mounting pressure with debt and malicious, insidious accusations from the buildingz unstable governor; combined with the kafe guardians increased acid-binges and frequent, lucrative kopz-haulz - this and everything, worked to kill the kafe.

SEX-SLAVE, the kafes' founder, had a particular kafe-death-wish. he was frantically grasping at a kafe he saw himself losing, tyrannically demanding re-decorations and re-painting sprees, organising burning of kafe menus and ritualized poster defacing, at whim

gradually the regulars got disillusioned; our poetz and musicianz, (denied their half-price koffees and "free foodz for performanz' privileges) deserted, and everyone else followed; after being forced into buying two dollars worth of kafe-goods before sitting down, and then only being offered rationing of table-space for half-hour maximum occupancy.

with the kafe regularz went the kafe spirit and most of its staff. GODDESS hitched inland with her guru, butt-naked, but in love. KUNDALINI re-clothed in krishna and saffron-robes, KASH went to vienna to study arkiteckture; BOMB went to prison; SEX-SLAVE discovered food; BUTTER-FRY flew too close to a bulb, and i; well i flew to london and came back; today the kafes' lazarus, itz final survivor, and yes, a 'kafe-slave' still.



CARL JUNG'S DREAM

Man is a cathedral
His dream is a long
and boring sermon
Today's story as
written in the book
Concerns a giant turd
that fell from the sky
Flattening the cathedral
and smothering the whole
Congregation
Why did God shit
In His own nest?

Tony Kneipp

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON

Having lost out to Stalin in the power struggle after Lenin's death in 1924, Leon Trotsky was subsequently exiled from the Soviet Union in 1929, being virtually booted across the border into Turkey.

Turkey did not let Trotsky make his stay there a long and comfortable one. Trotsky was a hot potato that no-one really cared to handle. For some years Trotsky managed to find refuge in Norway, but by 1936 his welcome had worn a tad thin. Scandanavia was far too uncomfortably close to the U.S.S.R.

Up to a certain point it suited Stalin to have a major ideological enemy alive and well in exile, all sorts of total evils could be blamed on him. After the "assassination" of Sergey Kirov in Leningrad in 1934 (an event which precipitated the first of the huge and horrendous purges in the U.S.S.R. which were a major fact of life there up until 1938) most of the leading old Bolsheviks, broken wretches that they were, admitted during their public show trials to being saboteurs under the remote control of Trotsky.

By 1938 however, Trotsky had served his purpose as far as Stalin was concerned. Worse, Trotsky was not content to spend his exile in retirement twiddling his thumbs and breeding budgies. (He bred rabbits instead.)

Trotsky set himself up as a sort of government-in-exile, assiduously researching and documenting cases of Stalinist atrocities. (Whilst conveniently ignoring the major part that he himself had played in Bolshevik atrocities as Commissar of the Red Army.) As far as Stalin was concerned, Trotsky definitely had to go.

Just as it looked as though Norway was about to give Trotsky the bum's rush, refuge was found for him in Mexico.

Mexico had already been run for over a decade by an allegedly revolutionary party, the Institutional Revolutionary Party. (Love that name!) They are still in power, these guys make Tammany Hall look like Play School.

Trotsky's emigration to Mexico was sponsored by two of Mexico's best artists, (both communists), a married couple, Diego Rivera and Freida Kahlo. Not surprisingly they didn't remain Party members for long.

Trotsky moved into a fortified villa outside Mexico City. However, Stalin's arm was long. He didn't intend that Lev Davidovich should enjoy a holiday in the sun.

On the night of May 14, 1940, a major hit squad moved into action. The police guards outside Trotsky's estate were lured away by attractive young women asking them if they would like an evening of wine and whoopie at a nearby party. It didn't take long to convince them.

Immediately four cars with twenty men (dressed as cops) moved in for a total offensive. Blowing down the door of Trotsky's room with an incendiary bomb, the hit-men pumped machine-gun fire inside, 73 shots in all. Satisfied that they had done the job they split the scene, taking with them Sheldon Harte, a wealthy young American admirer of Trotsky who had been acting as his bodyguard.

They missed. As soon as the firing started Trotsky's wife Natasha threw him out of their bed, and selflessly threw herself on top of him. Fortunately for Mrs. Trotsky, she did not actually stop any bullets on her husband's behalf.

At first the authorities refused to believe that the attack had actually happened, preferring to think of it as an attempt on Trotsky's part to grab media attention. It was not until the discovery of Sheldon Harte's body that the attack was taken seriously. The unfortunate 23-year-old had been shot in the head, and his body dumped in a pit of lime. Taking pot-shots at aging Bolshies was one thing, snuffing rich young gringos was another matter altogether.

Interestingly, the attack was led by David Alfaro Siquerios, who was, along with Diego Riveras, one of Mexico's leading mural artists. In a largely illiterate peasant nation, muralists played a major public role in Mexico as propagandists and educators. Furthermore, they took their politics damn seriously.

At roughly this point Ramon Mercador entered the scene. For someone whose actions had such a dramatic effect Mercador remains one of the mystery men of modern history. Moreover, as someone who was quite likely a clinical paranoic, Mercador had the paranoic's habits of evasion and prevarication that further serve to confuse the issue.

Born in France in 1914, Mercador's parents separated some time after and eventually his mother returned to her home town of Barcelona with Ramon and her five other children. Caridad Mercador had in the meantime become the lover of a prominent French Communist and become herself a keen convert to the cause. In time she just as enthusiastically indoctrinated Ramon.

In 1932 Mercador underwent his two years National Service in the Spanish army in which he performed well, rising to the rank of sergeant.

After his discharge from the army in 1934, he apparently entered energetically into underground Communist activities in Spain. By the start of the Spanish Civil War Mercador had undergone brief prison terms in Valencia and Barcelona, having been charged with breaches of the public order, without being specifically or formally sentenced.

With the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War Ramon Mercador became a lieutenant in the Republican forces, where he was wounded and subsequently invalided out.

At this point his history becomes murky. It has been claimed that Mercador then attended a terrorist training school in Barcelona. (One with some 600 students, it must have been a busy and often noisy campus.) After this he is supposed to have been sent to Moscow for further training and indoctrination, at which point he was chosen as Trotsky's assassin.

This is all speculation, without facts to back it up. In fact Mercador's subsequent actions tend to make one feel that if he was actually Moscow trained, then their training left a lot to be desired.

Mercador hardly fitted the James Bond image of an espionage agent. He was 5 feet 10 inches tall with a scrawny build, wore thick spectacles to correct both acute myopia and astigmatism, and was also partially deaf. One could be forgiven for thinking that Moscow Central could surely muster up a better physical specimen.

Whatever his physical failings, Mercador was apparently possessed with a good deal of personal charm. Posing as the draft-dodging son of a Belgian diplomat, he courted and

soon became engaged to a young woman named Sylvia Angeloff who worked as a courier for Trotsky. This was Mercador's entree into Trotsky's inner circle.

After the raid on his villa Trotsky felt himself in need of friends, and one of the people he turned to was Ramon Mercador. Mercador, using the name "Frank Jacson" was obviously enough posing as a die-hard Trotskyite, having promised Trotsky to write articles for him on the Fourth International.

Since the first attempt on his life Trotsky had beefed up his security considerably. However Trotsky made one major omission, he refused to allow body searches of his personal acquaintances. This omission proved fatal.

On the afternoon of August 20, 1940, "Jacson" drove to Trotsky's villa. It was hot and dry, but Mercador wore a raincoat. Underneath, distributed about his person, he carried a mountaineering ice-axe, a mountaineering hammer, and a .45 Estrella Spanish automatic. When he arrived Trotsky was busily engaged feeding his rabbits. After this task was finished both men retired to Trotsky's study, in order that Trotsky might read an article that Mercador had written for him.

As soon as they were alone and Trotsky's attention was diverted by the article, Mercador drew the ice-axe from under his coat, and in his own words: 'I took it in my fist and, closing my eyes, I gave him a tremendous blow on the head.'

Trotsky was a hard man to keep down however. Before Mercador could land a second blow Trotsky grabbed his hand and bit it, in an attempt to make him drop his weapon. As Trotsky fell to the floor three of his bodyguards rushed into the room. Infuriated, they started brutally beating Mercador with their gun butts. Mercador would probably have been beaten to death had Trotsky not intervened.

At this stage Trotsky was still conscious and talking. 'See what they have done... Jacson shot me with a revolver... I am seriously wounded... I feel that this time it is the end... We talked about French statistics... Natasha, I love you... Seva must be taken away from all this... I understood what he wanted to do... he wanted to strike me... once more and more, but I didn't let him... I didn't let him, did I?' At this point Trotsky was asked whether "Jacson" should be killed. Speaking clearly he replied, 'Impermissable to kill, he must be... forced... to... talk...'

Both men were taken to the Green Cross hospital where, 26 hours later, Trotsky died.

Trotsky's dying wish was not to be fulfilled. Mercador steadfastly refused to talk, both during his murder trial, and in the twenty years he subsequently served in Lecumberri Prison outside Mexico City. It was not until two and a half years after his imprisonment that investigators finally managed to establish his true identity. After his release in 1960 Mercador moved to Prague, where he disappeared into obscurity.

Mercador's adamant refusal to talk left unanswered a question which has intrigued historians ever since. Was Mercador an actual agent of the N.K.V.D. or was he merely their catspaw? On the grounds of an exhaustive battery of tests given to him whilst in jail, his psychiatric examiners stated that in their confirmed opinion Mercador scarcely fitted the profile of a trained espionage agent. The bungling and amateurish way in which he committed Trotsky's murder seems to bear this out.

Stalin was definitely delighted with the death of his most hated enemy, personally decorating Mercador's mother Caridad with the Order of Lenin. Just to thicken the plot, whilst in Mexico Caridad had been the lover of the highest ranking N.K.V.D. officer in Mexico, General Kotov. It has been suggested that Kotov required Mercador to spy out the lie of the villa in preparation for a more professional assassination attempt, and that Mercador murdered Trotsky on his own initiative.

Here goes my own theory. It could be that the N.K.V.D. wound Mercador up and pointed him in Trotsky's direction in the same way that they managed to achieve the assassination of Sergey Kirov in 1934.

At 48 Kirov was Secretary of the Leningrad Committee of the Party and highly popular. It was said that he was being groomed as Stalin's successor. As stated earlier in this article, it was Kirov's assassination that sparked the first of the great purges. It could be that the paraniod Stalin didn't like the idea of *anybody* being his successor. In any case he decided that Kirov had to go. In order to fit in with his subsequent plans however, it could not be seen as being done by the N.K.V.D.

In order to fulfil this end the N.K.V.D. located one Leonid Viktorovich Nikolayev, mentally deranged and with a massive grudge against the Party. A Party worker, Nikolayev had been downgraded, with a subsequent loss of pay and prestige. One of the things that rankled most with him was that he had lost the right to carry a revolver. The N.K.V.D. obligingly provided him with a new revolver, suggested that Kirov was the cause of all his woes, and pointed him in Kirov's direction. To their delight it worked. A suitably outraged Stalin, distressed at the brutal murder of his beloved collegue, could then order massive reprisals. (The whole thing being obviously a Trotskyist plot.)

It could be that having succeeded with Nikolayev, the N.K.V.D. decided to have another crack at the Wind Up A Nutter And Hope For The Best technique. This is of course impossible to prove, but what the hell, all the world loves a conspiracy theory.

Stalin may have succeeded in ridding himself of his arch-enemy. However, it is one thing to kill a man. It is often harder to kill his ideas. Trotskyism does seem to have outlived Stalinism. Various Trotskyist groups still exist, (often the chagrin of others, but never mind.)

As for Stalin, he had little time to gloat over his success. Less than a year after Trotsky's assassination the U.S.S.R. was invaded by Stalin's former closest ally, Adolf Hitler.

Shane Kneipp.



LEON TROTSKY SUFFERS A BREAKFAST PREMONITION

THE RETURN OF GUY FAWKES

Guy Fawkes was captured at midnight on November 4, 1605 in a rented cellar under London's Parliament House. A search of the cellar revealed 36 barrels of gunpowder hidden under coal and faggots. Huge bars of iron had been placed on top of the gunpowder. It had been Guy Fawkes's intention to ignite this lethal stockpile next day, when the King, the Prince Regent and all the nobles of England were due to attend the opening of Parliament.

When news of the King's deliverance spread, bonfires were lit all over London. Realising he had escaped a fiery death by a mere few hours, the grateful King James proclaimed that November 5 would commemorate his miraculous escape for ever.

So the tradition of Cracker Night began: fireworks and bonfires on November 5; little children burning effigies of the conspirator, and begging: ' A penny for the guy!'. As the centuries rolled by the King who escaped was almost entirely forgotten. It was the conspirator whose name lived on in the hearts of children. Guy Fawkes! The anarchist Santa Claus! The only person to enter Parliament with honest intentions!

One of the most successful anarchist posters in the lands of the old British Empire has been the Guy Fawkes poster.

All versions of the Guy Fawkes poster carry a portrait of Guy Fawkes and the simple legend: the only man (or person) to enter Parliament with honest intentions. The huge popularity of the poster reflects more than fond remembrances of Guy Fawkes Night: it represents the cynicism and distrust of Parliamentary politics widespread in the community.

Just how many versions of the Guy Fawkes poster there are I can't say. I have seen four: one from England (produced by Black Flag); the Bootleg version from Mt Lawley in South Australia; and two from Brisbane - one produced in 1969 and my current 1992 version.

There are those who claim that the 1969 Brisbane Guy Fawkes poster is the origin of the species. Certainly it is the oldest version that I have discovered. In its day, this poster was incredibly popular. Brian Laver claims to have sold 15,000 copies of it (he remembers getting a trip to Greece on the profits).

Interestingly, the celebration of Guy Fawkes Night in Queensland ended shortly after the appearance of the Guy Fawkes poster. The sale of fireworks to the general public was outlawed in June 1972 under the Explosives Act. A tradition which had lasted 370 years was thus ended by an order in Council of the Bjelke-Petersen regime. Curiously, the fireworks celebration of Chinese



The only person to enter Parliament with honest intentions

New Year is still allowed on the grounds that it is 'traditional and ceremonial'.

(2)

My own love affair with Guy Fawkes began in 1986 when I dressed up as Guy Fawkes to deliver a protest bomb to Queensland Parliament and the Bjelke-Petersen regime. The bomb was a soccer ball painted black with a sparkler for a fuse, and I had written a protest poem on it.

The poem went like this.

This is not a bomb!
This is a warning, a message,
a concrete poem.

This is to tell you
that a fuse has been lit
and is burning down.

This is to tell you
that power corrupts
Your quest for power has corrupted you absolutely.

This is to tell you: Stop!

Stop the destruction of the rainforests,
and the city we love!
Stop raping our land!

Stop giving your police
more powers to oppress us.
Stop stealing our rights!

STOP!!

I won't retell the story of my efforts to deliver my bomb to Parliament that day, because I've told it a fair number of times already. Back in the days when I did a lot of performance poetry, the story of Guy Fawkes' adventure was one of my favourite performance pieces..

In 1990 I retired Guy Fawkes: I packed his costume away, and gave his bomb to some kids. I figured I would never again light a sparkler in anger.

So the return of Guy Fawkes surprised me as much as anyone.

The Return of Guy Fawkes hinged on an event in Brisbane this year called the Radical Reunion. The Radical Reunion was held on September 4 to mark the 25th anniversary of the 1967 Civil Liberties march, which was the first big act of civil disobedience in Brisbane in the Sixties. For the political development of a generation of Brisbane radicals, this march was a pivotal event. It is regarded as the start of the movement which campaigned against conscription and opposed Australia's participation in the Vietnam War. Over 250 ex-radicals from the Sixties attended the Reunion.

The strangest thing about the Radical Reunion was the venue: it was held in the Parliamentary Annexe. The choice of Parliament for the Radical Reunion was naturally extremely controversial. It was certainly like waving a red and black flag at the Anarchists. Brian Laver announced he was boycotting the Reunion because it showed that too many of the old radicals had grown too close to the Goss government.

The organisers responded by claiming that their choice of Parliament House was 'ironic'. I decided to take them at their word. If they wanted 'irony' I felt sure I could provide it. I announced I was going to turn up to the Radical Reunion in Parliament House dressed as Guy Fawkes!

To commemorate the occasion I promised to design a special t-shirt.

Now since the most famous radical poster from the Sixties in Brisbane is the Guy Fawkes poster, I reworked that design.

That I was redoing an anarchist classic made me feel happy. The fact that there was a state election due also made me feel good. Guy Fawkes is the traditional Brisbane anarchist piss-take of all those who, like our erstwhile comrades, the Greens, are presently careering down the Parliamentary road. It was, I felt, an important restatement of radical principles in the face of burgeoning opportunism.

That the irony would prove too much for the organisers of the Radical Reunion was predictable. On the Thursday night before the Reunion, 'the Committee' rang me to say they were very worried about my plans to turn up at Parliament as Guy Fawkes. Parliamentary security would have to be alerted so they could search me! Would I mind?

Now the funniest moment in the original Guy Fawkes protest had been when the Bjelke-Petersen police force insisted on getting their bomb disposal expert to examine my 'bomb' (which was patently a soccer ball with a poem written on it)! . If the committee for the Radical Reunion wanted to look as stupid as the Bjelke-Petersen police force, I was quite prepared to oblige. Sure, I said: Search the bomb!

It was their second request that made my blood boil: they asked me if I could remove the bomb from the T-shirt design.

I was livid. I mean, you can not take the bomb from Guy Fawkes. Guy Fawkes is the bomb: the bomb is Guy Fawkes. One expects some hardening of the radical arteries after 25 years, but this was positively sclerotic

These self-styled 'radicals' were people who regarded the election of the Goss Labor government as the supreme political achievement of the Brisbane radical movement. They had lined up the Parliamentary Annexe before the election was announced, and now the fact that the Radical Reunion was going to be held in Parliament House two weeks before a state election had them extremely worried. They were frightened that the Courier Mail would use my appearance as Guy Fawkes in Parliament House to discredit their beloved Labor Government, and that the graphic of the bomb wielding Guy Fawkes would be similarly exploited.

I can't say what it was about their proposal that enraged me the most: their denial of our shared history; their hopeless reformism; or their appalling political naivety. Surely even the most cursory political analysis would reveal that Rupert Murdoch and the Courier Mail were going to back the Goss government? Murdoch supports Goss, as was subsequently shown when the Courier Mail publicly endorsed the Goss government the day before the election.

So on the phone I ranted and raved: I said that people who support the Goss government are about as radical as Rupert Murdoch! I said I wasn't going to change the design. The bomb on the T-shirt stayed.

When the night of the Reunion came, I knew I would be hassled, but I didn't mind. Against Guy Fawkes 'the committee' would find themselves as powerless as the Bjelke-Petersen police force. The Parliamentary Annexe is decorated in High Empire kitsch. It looks like a Fifties classroom, only the portraits of the Queen and the Namajira prints on the wall are originals. I walked in as Guy Fawkes with my bomb alight, feeling like the only radical at the Radical Reunion. I read the Guy Fawkes poem, and the sparkler fizzled out. Writing in Broadside, Frank Knight chose to see this as symbolic of the fate of Brisbane radicalism.

On this point, Frank is unfortunately right.

Still there were some saving graces: a few joints were smoked in the Parliamentary Annexe, and

$600 worth of Parliamentary silver disappeared. When I heard about this I was pleased: there is some spark left in the old codgers, I thought.

You can imagine how disappointed I was to learn that none of the old rads took it.

Having been reborn, Guy Fawkes decided he would have another shot at Parliament.

On the Saturday before the election he appeared at West End shopping centre to begin a new campaign. He had a stall like the rest of the pollies with a big Vote for Guy Fawkes sign. He handed out leaflets, pointing out why it was foolish to vote. He addressed the crowd through a megaphone.

He had a new poem called ADVICE FOR VOTERS which went like this.

When those who yesterday robbed you blind
Court your favour with phrases saccharine.
Bid for your vote with bribes ad nauseam
Do not ask: "Where's the money coming from?"
For their hands were in your back pocket all the while
These are thieves who learned to pilfer while they smile.

When those who promised you the sun and moon
Discount the stars and offer the heavens too
Do not like the ungracious recall
All their failed promises in full.
Rather allow yourself to feel particularly flattered
You are being like to by those who are the champions at it.

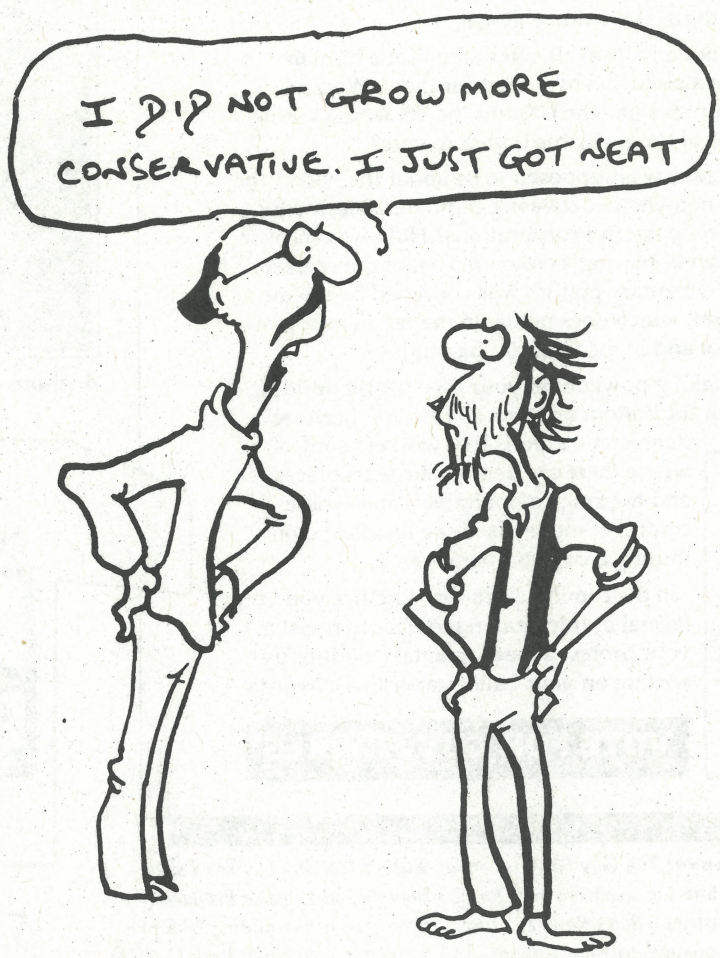
When every three years, these partners in crime fall out
And in feigned indignation huff and shout
Engaged in their slanderous tug-of-war
With staged outrage and with mock furore
Remember to feel how fortunate you are
You are free to choose your next oppressor!

On the Tuesday before the ballot, Guy Fawkes appeared on radio station 4ZZZ. "How do you intend to blow up Parliament this time?" he was asked.

"With workers self-management'" he replied.

Guy Fawkes explained to the listeners that from now on he was running in every electorate, and in every election.

To vote for him was simple: You simply took your pencil and crossed out all the names on the ballot paper. Then you wrote: None of the Above. Then you drew a square, put a one inside it, and wrote beside it GUY FAWKES.



Photos: *Guy Fawkes in West End.*

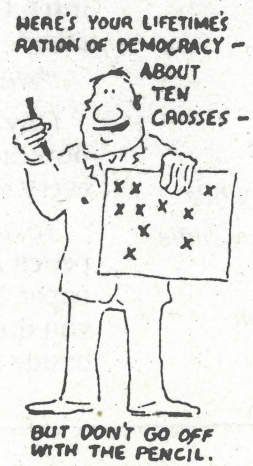
The Guy Fawkes Guide To Electoral Politics

The Story So Far: 400 years ago, Guy Fawkes, urbane terrorist, was executed after attempting to blow up England's Parliament House.
Now he's back, determined to finish the job!
During the recent Queensland elections, Guy Fawkes returned to demonstrate his mastery of all the essential political skills. Namely:



In West End, the campaigning Guy Fawkes spots an innocent baby.

NO MATTER WHO YOU VOTE FOR, A POLITICIAN ALWAYS GETS IN!



It's election time, and once again the streets are crawling with that breed of smooth-talking, glad-handing, baby-kissing, back-stabbing, buck-passing, promise-breaking careerists, commonly called politicians.

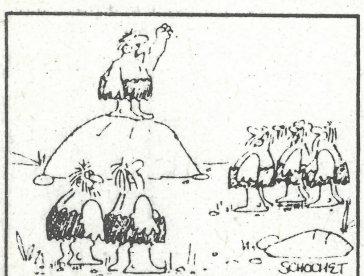
Yeah, election time! This is supposed to be your big chance to participate in the democratic process: *so how come you feel so cynical and abused?*

No matter who you vote for, somehow a politician always gets in. And you can't vote for the opposition, because a change of rulers is the joy of fools, and besides, if voting could really change anything, it would be illegal.

A sensible solution would be not to vote at all: after all no sane human being would want to encourage a politician by voting for them. Would it surprise you to learn that in countries like the UK and the US where voting is not compulsory less than 50% of those eligible bother to vote?

So how did it happen? Democracy was supposed to be about the will of the people: how did it become this non-choice between candidates selected by party machines beholden to a few powerful corporations? How was the role of citizen debased to the banal act of placing a cross on a ballot paper every few years? Participation in parliamentary politics was conceded by ruling elites to preserve their real power, which does not lie in the talking shop of Parliament, but in the workplace and in the financial institutions.

Worthwhile politics involves taking power over your own life by building a society that is democratic from the bottom up; a society where there are democratic unions that workers control; where there are democratic workplaces, and housing co-operatives; and where control of money is in the hands of community credit co-operatives.



" He stands there all day, saying nothing, promising everything. He calls it politics.

In the coming elections, whether you vote formal or informal, remember to register your protest at parliamentary politics by writing on your ballot paper these words:

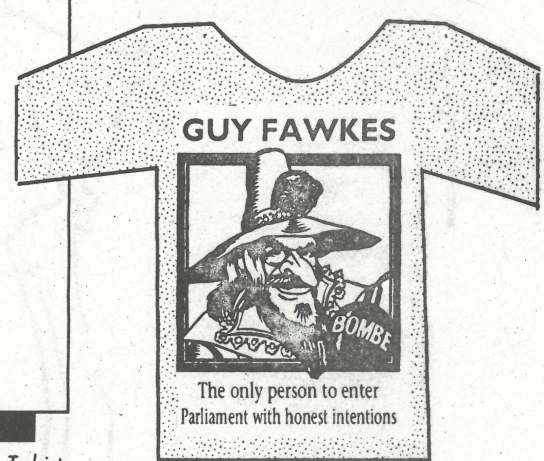
VOTE FOR GUY FAWKES!



Acting swiftly, the urbane terrorist procures . . .



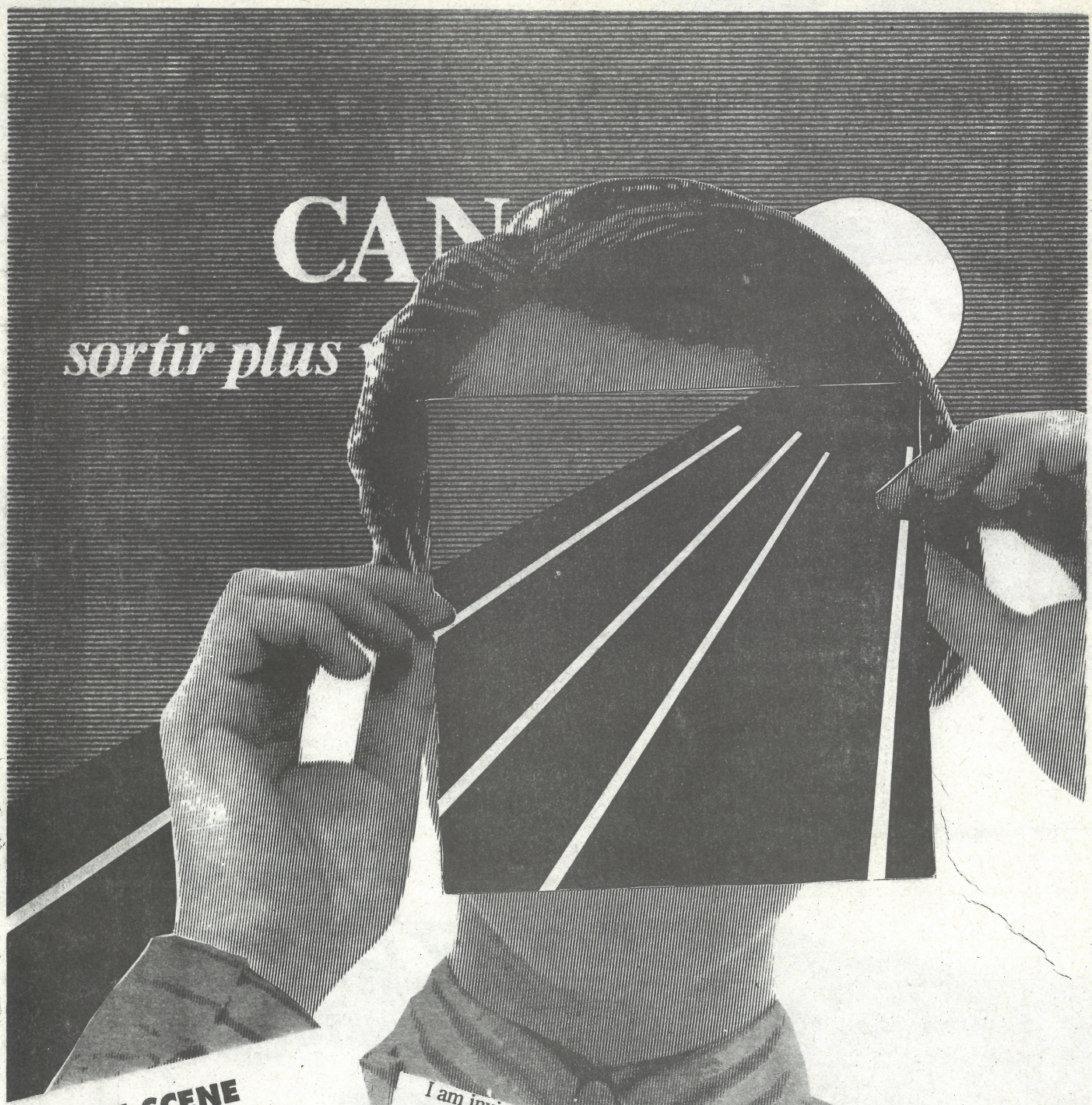
A photo opportunity!!



4. Sophisticated Propaganda.

Above: *The Guy Fawkes Leaflet.* **Right:** *the Guy Fawkes T-shirt.* T-shirts are available from: *Emma's Bookshop* and *Justice Products* (Brisbane). *Black Rose* and *Jura* (Sydney). Or by sending $15 plus $2 postage to John Jiggens, 142 Agnew St., Norman Park Q 4170.

5. Unscrupulous Marketing.



STREET SCENE

Spiders web strand of consciousness
strung out to the limit
Lizard brain squirming
as it hits the footpath
Daggers of light
piercing my eyeballs
Brain bouncing off
fences and footpaths,
Staggering, on auto,
dodging bins and shrubs
Eyes down, avoiding
the eyes that probe and cut
Pulling me apart
in the jagged morning light
Raw fear sour in my stomach
and in my mouth

I am invisible,
they cannot touch me
I am unconscious,
a spectator, and not a player
In the scene that unfolds
and flows before me
The script is written,
I cannot change it
Any more than the bit players
who flow past me on either side
There will be no foolish episodes,
no great dramas in *this* street scene

But a sudden image,
a flash, a moment unscripted,
Burns itself into my reptile brain

- A face recoiling,
fear flashing in its eyes,
Mouth open, staring
at the grim faced juggernaut
That rushes by,
lurching towards West End

TONY KNEIPP

DARYL GRAHAM.

THE HERETIC

Mr Henry was an ex-priest but was still a pillar of the church, so nobody minded that he regarded sex with more than just a religious attitude. He saw the procreation of his three children as the absolute fulfilment of his life. I am quite sure he had enjoyed the extreme moment of pleasure that he felt the young should be working towards because his present interest in sex was that of the philosophic preoccupation of an old man. At the age of forty-five he had the subdued satisfied look of a man who felt he had done everything worth doing.

It was difficult to tell if he had regretted leaving the priesthood. If he had, the man always made sure that he never let any sign of it show in his face. When he took his wife and children to mass he displayed them proudly in the front row, as if to spite the priest and impress the congregation. He had had the hubris to defy celibacy, and, like that other married priest, the guts to call for reformation. He felt an affinity with Martin Luther but thought the man had gone too far. He felt in his own way his active laity would somehow help in the great cause of pulling down the priestly hierarchy from its virgin pedestal, and often wrote passionate articles to Catholic newspapers advocating all sorts of radical changes such as the abolition of celibacy, lay involvement in Eucharistic celebrations, couples writing their own marriage vows, religious orders for married couples, eating meat on Good Fridays and women priests. A few of his articles were published because his priesthood training had left him a master of theological rhetoric but needless to say a good deal of his work was repressed. No-one stopped him passing on his heresy at the state school catechism classes because they were short of catechists and the teenagers seemed to like him.

Because of the man's keen interest in sex and the astonishing way he had managed to link the subject to religion, Henry was given the subject of Christianity Within Human Relations to teach. The number of biblical quotations he could gather for each of his lessons used to amaze the parish priest. The parish priest was a man of poorer intellect but stronger faith in Catholicism. He would joke with Henry about the classes when he came down to the presbytery to drink with the father once a week. The old priest had more in common with this man than he did with with the young curate he lived with because, despite the fact Henry approved of all the changes, he was familiar with the ways of the priesthood in the pre-Vatican II days. To the old priest it hardly seemed the same religion, but unlike the old ladies who came to church daily , holding their Latin prayer-books, he had learned to change.

Henry had wanted more changes. He felt that since Christ was Jewish, the church should throw away all Latin tradition, and establish a new order based on modern symbolism alone. His old friend simply laughed at him.

"If we were to reject Roman tradition, we would be forced to accept only those things symbolically significant within the Jewish tradition, and I'm sure you would find that outmoded. And if we were to wipe out all the old symbols and start afresh, where would we start? With technology as it is, none of the things we feel significant one day are

important the next. I feel like an old man because I can't allude to the achievement of man in space anymore, because they're taking off all the time in that space shuttle thing!"

Their conversation would continue in a similar manner. Henry would come out with brilliant arguments to support his theories about the faults in the church and how he would change them. From the safety of his cassock the old priest would defend his Church with the upper hand of faith. He ignored the fact that his old friend was no longer a priest. He considered the sacrament of holy orders impossible to absolve, and smiled secretly at his friends activities in all the lay functions of the mass. Henry read the liturgy, distributed Communion, read the notices about upcoming social functions, and handed round the collection plate. He acted out all the trivialities of the performance when all he really wanted was the leading role. The old priest enjoyed superiority over this much cleverer man because he had one thing in his favour, and that was self-control. One thing had stood by him all his life, the fact that he was a cold unimpassioned man. Henry had grand romantic notions about the Church's rituals. He had dared to expect absolute satisfaction from his eucharistic communion with God. No wonder God had failed him. What he had needed was a woman to listen to him.

Henry had left the priesthood to get married but it had not been for any particular woman, although there had been a pretty face that had stared up at him when he preached from the pulpit, a young girl who had always been out of his reach. She had enjoyed the romantic and almost mystical ideal of her pure love for him. She could not be blamed. After all, she was only playing one of those childish games that little girls play at courtly love before they grow up. How was she to know that she had weakened him so. Temptation must have already been there. When she had needed a lover to talk to she had used the intimacy of the confessional box to shield her loneliness. He had pitied her in her failure to come to terms with her essential evil. He had not helped her by comforting her. He had patronised the sensuous devils within her instead of casting them out and so he was punished by being plagued with thoughts of her. He allowed himself to think of her once right at the moment when he spoke the words that turned the bread and wine into the body and blood of Jesus Christ. From that moment on he decided he was no longer a priest.

His papal dispensation came through relatively quickly. There were none of the complications of having a woman involved. Everyone was surprised because he had always seemed an ideal priest. The Church was ever so helpful in finding him an administrative job in one of their clerical offices. This was the supreme compliment for a lay man because this meant that they were paying him for work that might have been done by a religious person for free. Perhaps they thought if he stayed close to Mother Church, she might one day lead him back to her bosem. This was not a divorce from the Church, just a legal separation.

His daily connection with the administration of the Church did little to ease that first homesick year which was as bitter to him as an excommunication. No longer protected by the clerical collar, he felt as awkward as a boy of sixteen starting life all over again. He did not know how to cope with the flirtations of the office girls that did his typing. He could never quite tell whether their intimations were joking or serious. He felt a desperate need to learn this new way of relating to women but he was scared to death

he might make some kind of mistake. He felt more lonely than he had ever felt during his long years of priesthood. All his connections were gone. Most of his friends had shared with him the bond of priesthood, a bond he had severed and could hardly bear at this early stage to be reminded of. The friendships he had formed with lay people had been on the basis of priest to parishioner and would not stand the strain of his new social identity. Many would not approve of what he had done. He had entered the seminary as soon as he had finished school. An old lady who had helped pay his way would not speak to him now. It was a bitter blow to him. Because he had been an orphan, he had come to think of her as a mother. He was glad he had no parents to shame.

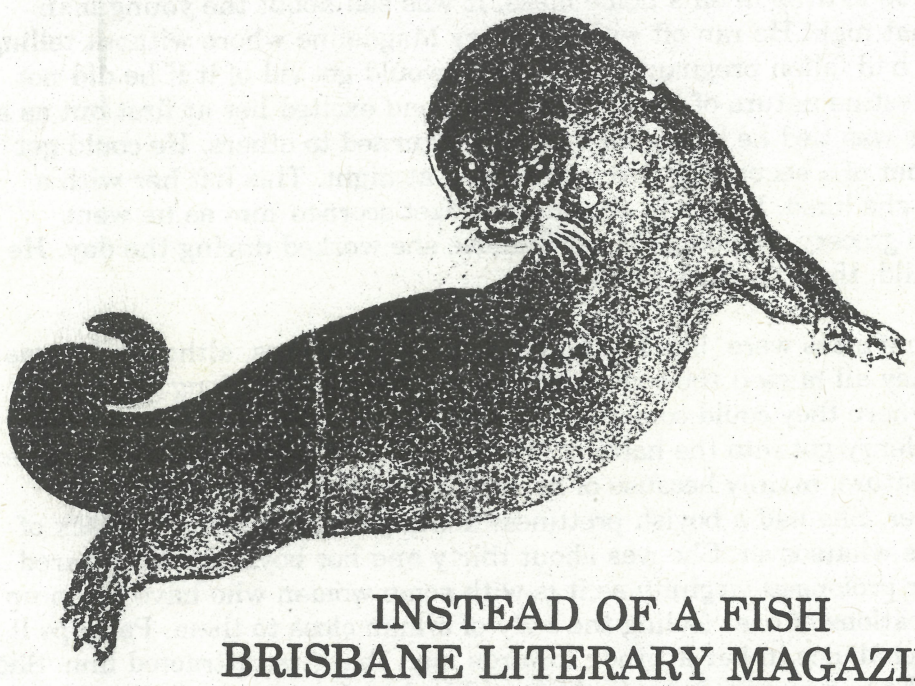
He began going to home masses. These were unconventional affairs. A group of people would sit around a coffee table on the floor or on cushions and hold hands. It was usually a young priest who took part. He would wear no priestly vestments except possibly a stole, and the costume of his disillusioned generation, a faded pair of jeans, a joke T-shirt, an earring in his left ear and a wild unkempt haircut which grew down to a wild and unkempt beard. This is the outfit that Jesus Christ might turn up in if he just happened to decide to drop in on a home mass. It was sad about the young man who said the mass that night.He ran off with his Mary Magdeline whore without telling anybody because she had fallen pregnant and said she would get rid of it if he did not marry her. The clandestine nature of their relationship had excited her at first but as a husband to whom she was tied he bored her and so she turned to others. He could get no other job except that of a security guard in a factory at night. This left her with a free hand to do what she liked. People in the supermarket scorned him as he went about doing his wife's grocery shopping for her because she worked during the day. He held a sweet faced child, their bastard, in his arms.

The people at the home mass were, like Henry, ex-nuns and brothers, although he was the only ex-priest. They all missed the community lifestyle and came along for the suppers afterwards where they could commiserate with each other about their peculiar self inflicted plight. Henry got into the habit of sitting next to a woman named Martha. She was a sexless creature, mainly because of her homely dress and years of conditioning as a sister. She had a boyish prettiness about her and a beguiling lack of any self consciousness whatsoever. She was about thirty and her boyishness appeared to be the result of her prolonged virginity as it is with some women who have given up the romantic considerations of ever feeling the body of a man close to them. Perhaps it was the hopeless nonchalance in her attitude towards men that first attracted him. She had been a woman who had expected much of life and had had every possibility of what she might have been stripped away from her. She had a naked humility about her that might take a man a lifetime to subjugate within a woman who had sacrificed herself in marriage. He felt as always the awkward distance of male between female between him and her. This was not because she exerted any sexual power over him, but she was as lonely as he was, and so they might well be lovers. He felt a unity with her when they joined hands with all the others and when his lips touched the cup of wine that only moments before she had drunk from. He began to watch her and he enjoyed the fact that she was so detached she didn't seem to notice at all. He enjoyed the discussions with her afterwards. As a girl all she had wanted to be was a teacher. She had been a brilliant scholar and the order of nuns she had eventually entered had paid for her university scholarship. She had decided to dedicate her life to teaching for them, which

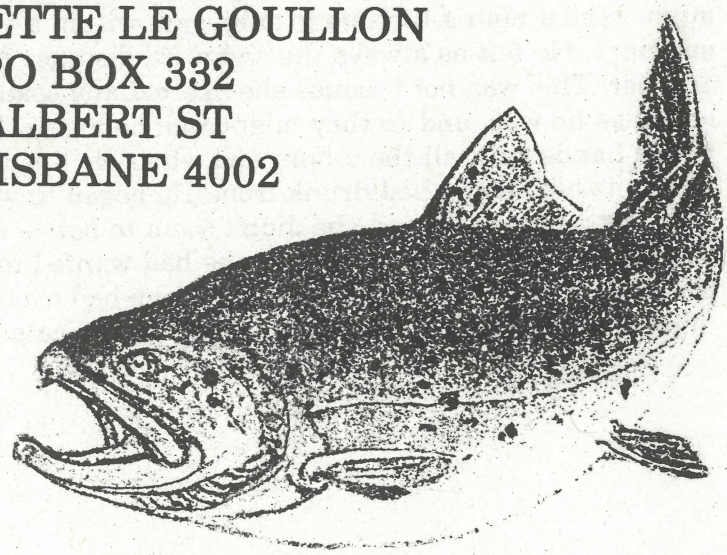
was possibly what they had intended all along. She had written books too, saints stories published by that group of sisters. Of course none of them were written in her name but from that she had developed a passion for words.Now she wanted to publish her secular poetry but the order had not given permission and so she had left. She had found her new life hard, but it was very similar since she was still teaching. That night he drove her home and within the small community it was accepted that they had something going on. A few months later they married.

The woman never found a publisher for her volume of secular poems but they had never been the real reason she had left the convent. She was essentially, like her husband, a heretic, and so she enjoyed her husband's new religion. Her later poems found approval in small magazines in the same way her husband's articles had, and so they worked together on their Bible of the New Age. Now they hand quotes of it out along with relevant pieces from the older work in his catechism classes at night down at the old state school.

Bernadette le Goullon



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ANARCHISM AND POSTMODERNISM

Towards Non-Hierarchical Knowledge(s)

My intention in this article is not to introduce some new dogma or orthodoxy into anarchist politics (there are enough of those already). Rather I intend to raise briefly an area of discussion which remains substantially neglected, yet which could potentially either challenge or revitalize anarchism.

As an anarchist my central concern and interest is obviously with questions of power - how power constructs and expresses itself in the community life, social forms and material conditions of human experience. Power expressed as domination or oppression, "power-over", as distinct from "power-with" others or the personal "empowerment" of individuals. Anarchism struggles to negate "power-over" and the systems of inequality and exploitation it gives rise to. At the same time Anarchism affirms the vision of a reality free of domination.

The North American anarchist and philosopher John Clarke has argued that the negation of "power-over" demands a careful analysis of contemporary forms of power and the rationality that generates them.To create a non-dominating worldview, we need to understand the process of constructing and validating what is considered as legitimate knowledge or knowing in a culture/society and thus expose the most significant, hidden/unspoken element of power and systems of domination.

"Postmodernism" is a term as problematic in precise definition as anarchism or feminism are. In common with these other areas of social/political thought it is more appropriate to speak of postmodernisms (as well as anarchisms and feminisms). In addition the parameters of what comprises postmodernism are shifting as various academics and others struggle to control the cultural capital within academia.

In the broadest sense, postmodernism disputes the privileging of one discourse (a shared and mutually reinforcing world view contained and perpetuated in language) over others. It resists and undermines attempts to create and impose worldviews (known as "meta-narratives") which attempt to claim authority as generalized "truth". Indeed it denies the existence of a vantage point from which this is possible. In this sense postmodernism contains the promise of a "non-dominating worldview" earlier called for.

For substantial periods of western culture the church assumed the dominant role of defining the larger reality into which one's experiences had to fit. The current legitimator of reality is without a doubt science. Feminists were among the first to challenge the scientific assumption of a value-free and neutral accumulation and interpretation of objective data. They demonstrated that in the context of a society where power is organized hierarchically - by class, race or gender - there is no possibility of a perspective that is somehow disinterested, impartial, or detached from the particular social relations in which everyone participates. Not only is science gendered, but it reflects and legitimates the ideology and power relations of patriarchy.

The feminist response to this critique has varied, (reinforcing the earlier notion of "feminisms"). Some feminist authors have continued to accept the foundational assumptions of science, seeing the problem as purely methodological - i.e. feminist criticism of science will lead to a more "truly" objective, empirical science. Others look to the project of a feminist "successor science" with feminist scientists wielding the same tools in a "better", more objective way. Another stance, the "feminist standpoint" approach, rejects notions of "objectivity", but instead elevates the feminist perspective and "women's experience" as a morally and scientifically preferable grounding for interpretations and explanations of nature and social life.

All of these critical approaches fall far short of fundamentally transforming the core paradigms of science. The third position raises the problem of attempting to define a universal "woman". In the United States and elsewhere black women, hispanic women, women-of-colour, indigenous women and others have forcefully argued against representations of a single "woman's voice" or "woman's experience", pointing out the multiplicity of voices and experiences among women, and sometimes criticizing elements of the women's movement for marginalizing or overlooking their unique concerns and struggles.

In coming to terms with this, some feminists have drawn on postmodernism in recognizing all knowledge as historically contingent, as socially embedded; they seek to situate all knowledge claims as always partial, always locatable in political projects, therefore leaving no value-free

or neutral position. Postmodern feminists now assert the conception of "difference" as a core notion within feminism, as important as the idea and construction of "woman".

Both the psychoanalysis of Freud and the historical or dialectical materialism of Marx, as two of the most influential meta-narratives of recent decades, have been particular targets of postmodern criticism. Both perspectives are exposed as relying on the modernist orientation to the pursuit of unshakeable foundations for analytic truth, and both affirm the modernist promise of the achievement of human emancipation/enlightenment. Such grand hopes are associated with global or totalizing forms of social theory and politics. Marxists have been especially prolific in their response to postmodernism. They variously denounce it as "conservative" and the "decadent logic of late-capitalist culture", or attempt to formulate a neo-Marxism which either attempts to transform the modernist project in response to postmodern insights or applauds postmodernist critiques of all grand narratives except their own.

Surprisingly, while Marxism faces perhaps its most significant challenge since inception, and while many feminists cautiously and critically appropriate postmodern tools to extend their analysis and scope of critique, anarchists remain largely silent. Worse, of those few who do respond the majority simply repeat the criticism of the least progressive Marxists, often without realizing the origins of their remarks but simply feeling familiar with the well established leftist rhetoric.

One crucial question at least remains to be addressed - is anarchism at its heart modernist? Can it take some account of postmodernism in a fruitful way or must it struggle to maintain its relevance in the way Marxism is currently forced to? In this sense anarchists have much in common with feminists, in that each area of thought and practice certainly has historical roots in modernism; whether this creates a legacy incompatible with postmodernism is an issue still being discussed in postmodern feminist circles.

Questions such as these and others are complicated by the presence of at least two major forms of postmodernism, the oppositional as against the affirmative, also described as a postmodernism of reaction and a postmodernism of resistance, or postmodernism which is against modernity and that which is beyond it.

It might be argued that any notion of the "political" is hopelessly problematised by postmodernism, and that what we are left with is a miasma of relativities and plurality. Certainly this is the kind of postmodern picture created by popular cultural commentators and all too many artists and authors. However we must not forget the ability of capitalist culture to commodify almost anything for popular and harmless consumption. Anarchism and feminism have both experienced this, being used to market music, fashion, lifestyle. Oppositional, reactionary postmodernism clearly lends itself to this process - the death of politics, the demise of meaning - a pick-and-choose, anything-goes supermarket of culture, values and representation, a yuppie orgy of commodification.

The other form of postmodernism is utterly unlike this. We must recall that the ultimate promise of the Enlightenment was a revision of the old Platonic promise of replacing politics with Truth. Modernism inherited this undertaking and believed it could be achieved through universal reason, rationality, science and technologies. It has failed in this, but modernists refuse to surrender the dream it instilled of a world governed by reason (whose?). In this sense the postmodernism of resistance is about reasserting the political.

The postmodernism which is beyond, not against, modernity does not make the political disappear, but rather constantly and starkly highlights it. Relativism is not necessarily the outcome of recognising the partiality of all knowledge claims. The fundamental sociality of discourse leads knowledge claims to be properly open to evaluation by the full range of discursive communities - overtly politicizing meanings and representations and affirming difference.

The fact that in Australia at least, the syndicalist tendency within anarchism remains the healthiest, though the least imaginative and most economistic and reductionist, leads me to conclude that a paucity of theory continues to marginalise anarchist politics from wider social life. I feel a fundamental mistake has been in not exploring common cause with sections of feminism. Instead, too many of the old leftie patriarchs of anarchist politics were threatened and defensive, hiding in an increasingly irrelevant enclave, while feminism went from analytical and critical strength to strength. Confronted now by a significant potential ally, will anarchists once more turn their backs?

Phil Wynn

HOLD THE PICKLES

Tall and dark
Hidden in paranoid shadows

He asks me where
It's at
I say sorry
But all I know
Is where
It used to be

So

Throbbing violently
He lit a platypus
And flew off
Singing
Thank god

Marcel Duchamp
Is dead
Because
My feet hurt.

Shane Kneipp

Free West Papua!

West Papua is the western half of the island of New Guinea. The indigenous people there are Melanesians like the people of Papua New Guinea. I might point out that the Indonesian Imperialists call West Papua Irian Jaya. This is an acronym for Ikut Republik Indonesia Anti-Netherlands or follow Indonesia against Holland, a slogan from the takeover by the Jakarta junta in 1962. The West Papuans find this arrogant and offensive and refer to their homeland as West Papua. The reader may often find West Papua referred to as Irian Jaya. It was claimed as a Dutch colony in 1828 but they could not consolidate their control over the peoples fully. The same is true of the new colonists, the Indonesian Armed forces. In the jungles and in the towns and villages, the idea of a free West Papua lives.

Indonesia's claims

In 1949 the Indonesian republic achieved the status of an independent nation after a war against the Dutch. West Papua was not included in the new republic. Instead the Dutch embarked on a crash program to enable the West Papuans to achieve independence by 1970.

The Indonesians opposed this. Instead they claimed West Papua as part of the Indonesian state based on a spurious claim by an ancient empire. Their leader Sukarno embarked on a military and diplomatic campaign to incorporate West Papua into the Indonesian empire.

On the 19th of December 1961 Sukarno declared the Three Peoples Command [Trikora] to invade West Papua. Its aims were to prevent the independence of West Papua, to fly the Indonesian Flag in West Papua and to institute a general mobilisation of the Indonesian people to conquer West Papua.

The Indonesians sent in 75000 troops to West Papua, including paratroops and marines but they lost the military campaign. Even though the military campaign was not sucessful, it made the careers of many military officers who later rose to prominence or infamy in Indonesian politics. Included among them were Lieutenant Colonel Untung who led the abortive coup in 1965, Colonel Sarwo Edhie who crushed this attempt and later was involved in the invasion of East Timor, and President Suharto who was the leader of the military operations against the Dutch. So the West Papua campaign brought together many of the "New Order" leaders in the Army. On the diplomatic front they were more sucessful.

Indonesia gained the support of the non aligned movement, of which Indonesia was a founding member, and the United States, which was worried about Indonesia's closed links with China and wished to gain access to the vast resources of West Papua. These resources were in part discovered by US. Army surveyors during the Second World War when they occupied West Papua on behalf of the Dutch. The US. also forced Australia to agree to the settlement. In August 1962, the New York Agreement was signed and Indonesia secured Dutch New Guinea. There was no indigenous West Papuan involvement, with only the Dutch and Indonesians involved. A temporary UN administration was established and the agreement provided that an "Act of self-determination" was to be held before 1969. The Indonesians were to arrange this and this enabled them to manage the result.

The Act of 'Free Choice'

The formal transfer of power from the UN to Indonesia took place on 1 May 1963. Immediately, the West Papuan people began to resist. 1025 members of local councils were appointed to exercise the "Act of Free Choice". One person, one vote was not used because the Indonesians regarded the West Papuans as too primitive or simple, and needing guidance from a superior culture.

The West Papuan people may have lacked formal education in the western model but there is evidence that even the most isolated tribes fully understood that the "Act of Free Choice" would mean their dispossession from their land by the new colonists. The West Papuans in turn resented foreigners intruding on their land. Therefore, resistance to Indonesian rule in the sixties revolved around the implementation of the "Act of Free Choice" in a fair manner with a possibility of a rejection of Indonesian rule.

This was not to be, as all the parties in the settlement including the UN never saw independence as a possibility. The hand over was stage managed and heavy handed. In the face of severe political repression and restrictions on free expression and human rights abuses, many felt physical resistance to the handover was the only way to proceed.

Large scale uprisings in the highlands of West Papua and in the west in the Biak Numfor area occurred from 1963 onwards. Biak Numfor was the area where the Organasi Papua Merdeka or OPM was formed. This group represents today the aspirations of the West Papuans for freedom. It originally was the armed part of the resistance but nowadays denotes all who oppose Indonesian occupation including the clandestine organisation inside the Indonesian government and the broad masses of West Papuans. Robin Osborne who has written the most detailed history of the OPM, states that the majority of West Papuans support the OPM.

In April 1969, journalists were banned from West Papua and the UN special envoy to supervise the "Act of Free Choice", Oriz Sanz had to postpone his visit because the Indonesians refused permission. They did not reveal that the reason was because of large scale rebellions opposing the "Act of Free Choice" had broken out in Arfak in 1967 and had spread to the Wissel Lakes by 1969. These rebellions were put down with great brutality by the army, with thousands killed and wounded. When things quietened down, the "Act of Free Choice" proceeded. The New York Agreement was vague on the rights of Papuans to decide their fate and so the Indonesians were able to use 1,025 hand picked "representatives" to meet in Jayapura on 2nd August 1969 and not surprisingly, they unanimously voted to stay with Indonesia. The UN took note of the result and washed its hands of the matter.

The post-1969 Resistance

Resistance has continued ever since then. It has been met with fierce repression by the Indonesian armed forces. Generally the resistance has increased due to this repression, and the refusal of the Indonesians to acknowledge that their policies encourage support for the resistance. For instance, the tribal villagers have often engaged in ritual tribal fighting. In these fights attacks and

retreats are stylised, and there are few if any deaths or serious injuries. The war is largely a show of determination and strength. When the Indonesian army heard that a tribal war had broken out, they responded with paratroops and aerial bombardment. The leaders were arrested and taken up in helicopters and thrown to their deaths. Many hundreds were killed. This did stop the tribal war but it also unified the villagers against their real enemies; the Indonesian colonists.

Support for the OPM has also tended to increase during these periods of repression. Their armed attacks have increased during events that the Indonesians have felt important; such as the 1971 and 1977 elections. The major exception had been the 1984 general offensive against Jayapura and other areas. This was a failure, as it seems that Indonesian spies had penetrated the planning group. There was also a lack of coordination between different areas, so the rebellion was not as well coordinated as it should have been. Some of the clandestine networks inside the Indonesian bureaucracy were exposed and those involved were forced to flee across the Papua New Guinea border. Other villagers fled from border areas where OPM and the Army had clashed across to PNG as well. About 10,000 people all up fled, fearing arbitrary arrest and torture. Many still remain exiles in PNG and are too scared to go back.

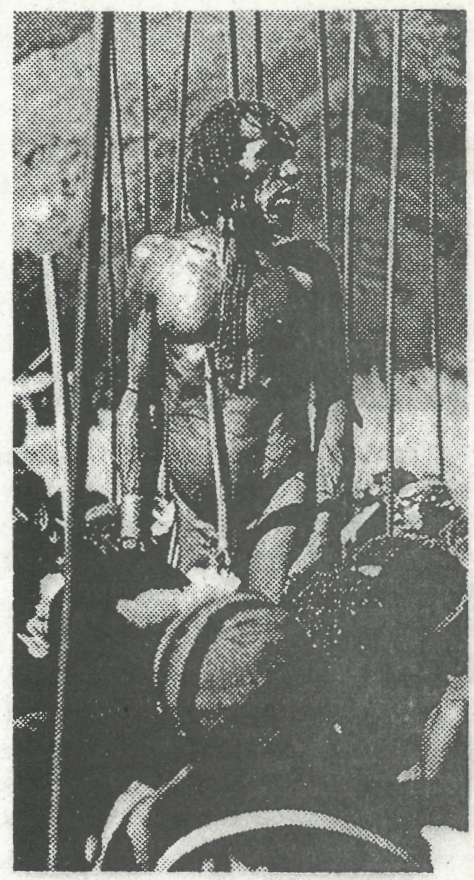
Army and Air force incursions into PNG then occurred. They continue to this day. Following a string of OPM offensives early in 1992. the Indonesian security forces have crossed into PNG territory in an effort to flush out OPM guerrillas. The PNG government now tolerates incursions by Indonesian troops. This is a response to activity by OPM in opposition to the June 9th elections. News reports quoted the Indonesian military commander for West New Guinea warning his men not to shoot the people while enforcing the poll. There have been a number of trials of OPM supporters and corrupt Army soldiers in West Papua in 1992. One of the most interesting was a case in which a serving Indonesian Army officer had stolen over 100 weapons including M-16 rifles from an armed forces arsenal, and then sold them to the OPM for personal gain. All of this activity suggests that the OPM has recovered for its past setbacks and a series of factional disputes within the organisation to become a more effective resistance movement. It is apparent that the rhetoric of the Gulf War and the "New World Order" has rubbed off on the West Papuans as it has revigorated the East Timorese. We can only hope that they can be more sucessful in their struggle.

Should Libertarians Support the OPM??

But what does the future hold for West Papua and it's independence struggle? And why should libertarians support it? The OPM is one of the most isolated liberation movements in the world so it is not surprising that it attracts little support or publicity. However in the last year, there have been a series of television shows and newspaper articles on West Papua. There have also been moves on the diplomatic front. It seems that some hope is warranted. The OPM is also one of the most resilient resistance movements in modern history. It has been able to survive and rebuild in virtual isolation over a period of thirty years. But with Transmigration of Indonesians from other parts of the country, the West Papuans are faced with cultural genocide and it remains to be seen how long the struggle can be maintained. Environmental problems such as unrestricted logging and pollution from the transnational Freeport copper mine may also spell doom for West Papua.

My opinion is that libertarians should support the OPM. Even though traditional societies may have problems in our opinion, if an injustice and genocide are being committed on a people then we must speak out about it. A traditional society is more democratic and libertarian than the regimented and militarist social control imposed on West Papua by the Indonesian military and their Transmigation projects. The other point is that these groups need to be exposed to our ideas so that we can influence the eventual form of their struggle. We must not be uncritical however but also, we must not fall into the Marxist trap of lecturing third world peoples about their evils from the white man's perspective. The other thing we can hope to counteract is the destruction of the social aspects of revolution in the takeover of power. There may be a counterpoint to the Marxist leaders and their megalomania. Dimensions of gender or class struggle should never lose their importance in the quest for freedom. Lastly any organised opposition to the Indonesian military ruling class deserves support because it can speed up the destruction of systems of exploitation by the Australian bosses in Indonesia. After all, the rulers of Australia and Indonesia have more in common with each other than are the differences are between the Australian and Indonesian people The longer we ignore this tragedy, the lower our people become in the eyes of our closest neighbours. Papua Merdeka!

Tan Malaka.



NOSTALGIA



In the last quarter of the 20th century, Nostalgia reached new heights as subcultures and movements rose and fell in rapid succession. Some were to disappear without trace, but others were periodically revived or ruthlessly plundered by subsequently predatory cults.

Crowds of desperately jaded bipeds rushed from one "Scene" to another in a never ending Search for, if not exactly "Truth", or even "Meaning in a Higher Sense", then at least Distraction with a capital "D".

Complete Societal Breakdown threatens as the Cults flare and fade like Supernovae. Rivalries between the groups results in frequent outbreaks of street-fighting, and the neutrality of the police is called into question as individual officers take the side of one faction or another.

Finally a party of Hardline Moderates, who have a policy of "appeasing everyone", (their founder was the God-King, Gareth Evans), seize the balance of power in the Upper House by promising "Complete Revivalism" for everyone.

The subsequent package deal negotiated with the other parties was reminiscent of the worse excesses of the French Revolution. The months of the year are renamed after various subcultures cum marketing lines. September becomes "Swing!" the Jazz month. January of course becomes the Hippy/Sixties Nostalgia month and is renamed "Aquarius". Punk, Swamp and Industrial subcultures are all lumped together in July, this being the ugliest, most depressing month of the year, now known as "Swamp". The Seventies get a look in during April, now known as "Flare".

Meanwhile an unknown authority (described as "Someone Cruel" in Social Planning), arbitrarily announces that the Yuppies will have to "time-share" February with the Rastafarians wich was thereafter designated as "Babylon".

The Seventh Day Adventists and all other Christian nut groups get the 29th of each leap year, which is known as "Dingo Day", a festival that produced many surprising and family oriented activities. Free puppies for the kids? Free kids for the puppies? We're givin' em away...

In keeping with the New Age of Total Appeasement, citizens were encouraged to dress and consume appropriately for the month at hand. This, it was claimed, would lead to a "Fashion Industry-led Recovery to recession, promote greater understanding between all classes of Society; create Social Stability and Harmony". The tourist potential of course, was not overlooked.

Being a Democracy, there was, needless to say, no compulsion to Comply with the Compulsion Code, and as long as a non-complying citizen was never sick, old, or looking for work, then they need never fear repercussions for their abberent behaviour.

And if Society at this time resembled nothing so much as an overcrowded cage of rats in a lab where criminally irresponsible scientists conducted dubious experiments, (probably along the lines of the co-relation between population density and self-mutilation), then the months of the year became the steps in the exercise wheel that stopped the inhabitants from gnawing their legs off in boredom and frustration.

And so the months of the year followed each other round and round the course of the years.

Once everyone was in step, the Government of the day had the bright idea of further stimulating the economy by dropping a day off each month, so each year comes around a little faster. "Time is Money!" they reasoned, and issued the new calenders...

Surprisingly perhaps, many citizens actually noticed that days had been subtracted from the year, but while some grumbled, most wisely accepted the deletions as an inevitable change brought about by the "Productivity Clause" of the new Bill of Rights.

In the face of such overwhelming passivity the nations' leaders got into the habit of dropping a day here and there whenever the quotas fell behind. And so each month started rolling around a little faster like a roulette wheel jacked up on speed. Soon it was like some old speeded up slapstick skit, strictly from the Keystone Cops, with the costume changes proceeding faster, till the citizens started getting out of sync.

Cut to man coming out of bedroom in the morning. He is dressed in the very height of Power Dressing, shoulder pads, briefcase, Ray-Bans... he is talking to his broker on his mobile phone... he stops short as he sees...his companion looks up at him thru the smoke of too many Winfields. Her kohl-rimmed eyes glare bleakly at him thru the black spiky mass of hair... "Oh", he falters, "is it that time of the year already"... Citizens, not knowing if they're coming or going, start to let the styles slip and mix. Justify glaring anachronisms in period dress by claiming it's post-modernism. They are dragged away screaming by the Style Police. "I've heard it all before."

From the Temporal to the Spatial is but a small leap, reasoned the Nations' Leaders, so also the leap from Designated Times to Designated Zones.

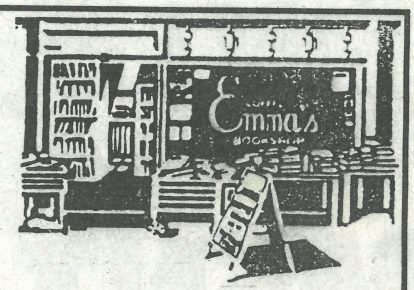
"Designated Theme Zones" start to spring up everywhere. Vast areas of land are contracted out to multi-nationals like the giant Daikyo/ Disneyworld Corporation. In the "Corporate Zones" normal civil and criminal laws are suspended and replaced by "Self-Regulated" Company Codes of Conduct in a bid to "cut through Red Tape" and encourage Enterprise and Corporate Investment. Anyone entering the Zones is required to sign a "Waive and Abide" clause - a formality removing the last vestiges of civil rights.

Though the conditions are harsh in the new Theme Zones, there is never any shortage of people willing to work there. This is mainly because conditions outside the Zones had been rendered even harsher. No-one was forced to work there, it was just that you had no chance of working otherwise.

By the time they started saying, "If you don't like it, leave!" there was nowhere else to go.

Unkle Rat

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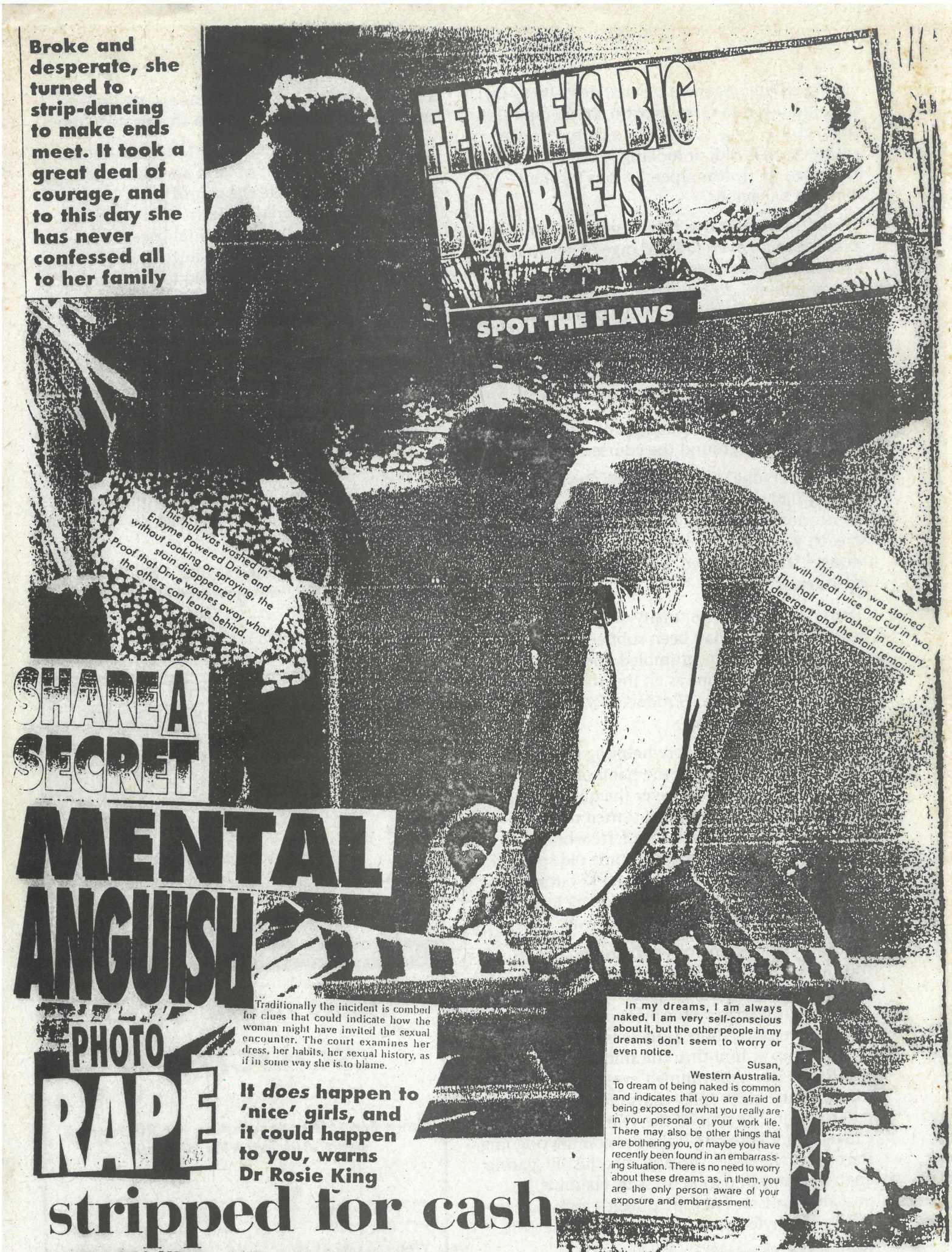
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Broke and desperate, she turned to strip-dancing to make ends meet. It took a great deal of courage, and to this day she has never confessed all to her family

FERGIE'S BIG BOOBIE'S

SPOT THE FLAWS

This half was washed in Enzyme Powered Drive and without soaking or spraying, the stain disappeared. Proof that Drive washes away what the others can leave behind.

This napkin was stained with meat juice and cut in two. This half was washed in ordinary detergent and the stain remains.

SHARE A SECRET

MENTAL ANGUISH

PHOTO RAPE

Traditionally the incident is combed for clues that could indicate how the woman might have invited the sexual encounter. The court examines her dress, her habits, her sexual history, as if in some way she is to blame.

It *does* happen to 'nice' girls, and it could happen to you, warns Dr Rosie King

In my dreams, I am always naked. I am very self-conscious about it, but the other people in my dreams don't seem to worry or even notice.

Susan,
Western Australia.

To dream of being naked is common and indicates that you are afraid of being exposed for what you really are in your personal or your work life. There may also be other things that are bothering you, or maybe you have recently been found in an embarrassing situation. There is no need to worry about these dreams as, in them, you are the only person aware of your exposure and embarrassment.

stripped for cash

...WITH LOW PREMIUMS

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Women display a sense of caring in so many things they do, and as careful drivers they have fewer accidents too!